

A

# REVIEW

## OF THE

# STATE

## OF THE

# BRITISH NATION:

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Tuesday, March 28. 1710.

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I Am very sorry to begin this new Volume, on a Subject that I foresee must displease a great many People of this Age; but Things are now come to that Height, that there is no Help for it, we must either defend our Cause, or give our Cause up; and which shall we do? — Either it is a Cause of Truth, or it is not; if it is not, Let the QUEEN and Parliament determine it to be so, and give it up first, and then perhaps it may be Time for honest Men to think of it — But if it be a Cause of Truth, Let all the *Demas's* of the Age forsake it, all the *Sneakers* and *Occasional-Time Servers* of the Day flinch from it; let all the *Fearful* and *Unbelieving* abandon it; tho' there was not one *Whig*

in the Nation, one *Dissenter* in the *South* of the Island would speak for it; tho' the QUEEN, tho' the Parliament should assent to let it sleep — *If my Heart does not deceive me*, yet would I not cease to own it and defend it.

I am satisfy'd, *the Cause of Liberty is the Cause of Truth*; and it is from this Principle only, That I oppose the *High-Church Darling* *Dr. Sacheverell*, and do it in the Teeth of his Mob, when his Cause would be thought Rising, and when I see Men that pretend to be for *Revolution-Principles*, cower and afraid — I have nothing to say to the Man, I owe him neither Good or Ill, let him be punish'd or escape Punishment; it is the Temper of insulting the  
Laws,

Laws, and preaching up Tyranny; 'tis this I oppose, and this I will oppose, if the Tyrant were an Emperor.

But to lay aside the Argument for a while, and speak to Fact; for really Arguments are at an End, when you come to Mobbs and Tumults—What signifie Debates to the long Club, and Reasoning to a Rabble?

We are now come to the Sentence upon the Trial of Dr. Sacheverell, in which it is manifest, that both Sides are disappointed, but indeed I am not. Let us examine the Case.

From the Beginning I said, Let the Parliament but censure the Crime, let them but put a Stop to the running Plague Sore, that it may not infect us; let them but damn the Principle, that we may have no more Pulpit Madness among us—and I care not how lightly they dropt the Man; for of what Consequence is the contemptible Wretch to the whole Nation? It is the Seditious that must be knockt down, and then let Him and his Crew preach it again at their Peril; and as easie as they think they have escap'd, let them begin again when they think fit.

The first Appearance of the Party, after the Dr's Sentence, is making Bonfires for Joy, and raising Mobbs to make the poor People put out Illuminations for Fear of having their Windows broke—And are you angry at this, Gentlemen? I wonder at you! I would have them go on by all means; the greatest Poet among the Party could not have made a keener Satyr upon the Doctor; and what is the *English* but this, from their own Mouths?—Pray, hearken to the Dialogue.

*Whig.* What's the Matter, *Cousin Tory*, what are you doing?

*Tory.* We are making Bonfires and Illuminations, *Cousin Whig.*

*W.* Pray, what for, *Cousin Tory*?

*T.* Why, for Joy of Dr. Sacheverell, *Cousin Whig.*

*W.* How so, *Cousin Tory*, what are you turn'd *Whig*? Are you making Bonfires for Joy that he is condemn'd, and found guilty of preaching Sedition?

*T.* No, *Cousin*, no such Thing; but about the Punishment, *Cousin*, the Punishment.

*W.* But hark ye, *Cousin Tory*, what Joy have you in the Punishment? Do you rejoyce that he is suspended for three Years, and his Book to be burnt, and his Patron your old Friend tack'd to the Hangman?

*T.* No, *Cousin Whig*, but we rejoyce that it is no greater a Punishment.

*W.* Then you expected it, *Cousin*, to be heavier than it is, did you not?

*T.* Much heavier indeed, *Cousin Whig*, much heavier.

*W.* Why did you expect it so much heavier, *Cousin*? Were you sensible he deserv'd so much more Punishment than he has?

*T.* *Cousin Whig*, *Cousin*, you make your Constructions too close.

*W.* But have you any other Reason, *Cousin Tory*, why you should expect a greater Punishment?

*T.* I'll consider of an Answer to that.

*W.* Pray do, *Cousin*, and when you have found it, kindle your Bonfire again; but till you have, it would be more for the Dr's Credit to make no Bonfires, since it is a declaring to the World that you own his Guilt, and only rejoyce that he is escap'd by the Clemency of the Lords—This is much such a Joy, as a Criminal, that merits the Gallows, makes when he is excus'd hanging, and obtains Transportation.

Much Good may do you, *Cousin Tory*, with your Joy: I trow, the Dr. will con you no Thanks.

And so much for Bonfires and Illuminations.

But what now shall we say to the Sentence itself? — I say with the *High-Flyers*, that indeed it is a damn'd Sentence—But pray bear me out, Gentlemen—It is damn'd in its Nature, by these very Gentlemen that rejoyce in it—It is damn'd by Sacheverell himself, long before he found it fall upon him—It is a Sentence arising from a damn'd Principle—Bless us all! say the People, what is this Fellow a going to say? — What, have the



the *House of Lords* been possess'd by a damn'd Principle? The Man is mad, what does he mean?

'Tis all true, and my Meaning is correspondent to my speaking; 'tis a MODERATE SENTENCE, and therefore damn'd; it arises from a Principle of Moderation—And this has been damn'd by this Party, and even by this Doctor for some Years past, upon all Occasions, as a Piece of Hypocrisy, a Cloak and Pretence to bring in a modern Party to destroy the Church—Thus they have condemn'd Low-Church Principles, which in Derision they call *Moderation*; and to be a moderate Man, is with them to be a Hypocrite—Nay, Moderation has been branded by them for the greatest Treachery to the Church, and the pretended Danger of the Church was all laid to the Door of this damn'd Moderation. For this the QUEEN was call'd a Deserter of the Church, the Bishops were call'd *Presbyterians*, and the Low-Church Men were in the last Derision call'd the moderate Men; and by a certain Author, *this damn'd Party*.

And yet now you rejoice in the Practice of this damn'd Moderation; 'tis this very damn'd Principle that has punish'd you so much less than you deserve, that your own conscious Guilt makes you call your very Sentence an Escape—and make Bonfires for Joy of your Deliverance.

Thus the World sees the glorious Spirit of Moderation, that according to the blessed Dealing of our Maker with us, it punishes the highest Insults with Gentleness and Compassion—And this very Doctor ought to sink under the Conviction—That he is punish'd so lightly, who had provok'd so highly. Why is it, Sir, that you escape thus? Even *that same Moderation* which you have so blasphem'd, and which, if the *House of Lords* had not practis'd, the *High-Church* must have lost an Idol, and you must have laid down your Shepherd's Cloathing; in which Case the ravenous Part of you would have better appear'd.

But this Principle of Moderation, by which the *House* have acted, is the Glory

of the present Constitution; 'tis the Essence of our present Prosperity; 'tis the Lustre of the QUEEN's Reign; 'tis the bright Consequence of the happy Revolution; 'tis the peculiar Honour of the *Peers of Britain*; and be it, that it is damn'd by the Voice of a raging Party who curse it, and their Maker in a Breath; and this is what I mean by a damn'd Principle; yet like Wisdom, 'tis justify'd of her Children, 'tis bestow'd from Heaven, and has this Peculiar, that of all Heaven's Gifts, this, *I had almost said*, this alone never is given in a Curse.

Thus the Sentence is a damn'd Sentence, as it comes from a Principle your Party has damn'd and reject'd; and 'tis an evident Judgment upon you, that that very Moderation, which you have so damn'd, you are forc'd to fly to, and to be sav'd by.

O Gentlemen *High-Flyers*, will you never shrink? BUT for Moderation, where had you been? — Had you had the common Severities of your own blessed Days, where had you been? Was *Argyle* in *Scotland* condemn'd to the Axe? Was poor *Julian* whipp'd from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, tho' a *Clergy-man*, a Gentleman, and a Man of Learning? — Was their Crime half so much as this Man's? — These were Times of YOUR Moderation; these were the blessed Days you would restore us to; Thank your Moderation, when *Scotland* flow'd with Blood, and *England* flow'd with Blood; when *Scotland* over-run with Soldiers, robb'd and murder'd at Pleasure, and *England* cut Throats in Form of Law, as my Lord *Russel* call'd it, the worst Sort of Murder—Now have you Cause to bless the Revolution, by whose Consequence instead of Blood for Blood, you find Mercy for Cruelty, and Moderation for Tyranny.

I might offer a Caution here to the Doctor and his Party—It was given to the Whore in the Gospel, when the *Jews* were angry at Our Saviour's Moderation—GO, *Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee*. But of this in my next.




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**W**Hereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,——A certain Number shall be left at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff's*, Bookseller in *Cheapside*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. *Pye* at the Sign of the *Golden Perriwig* at *Charing-Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.